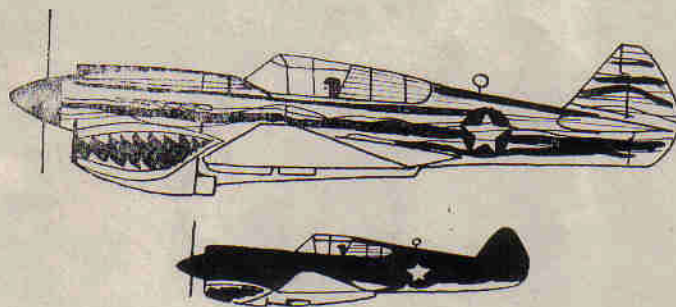


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



SEPTEMBER 1953





T/5 EDWIN HUTCHINSON, 31st Malaria Control Det., supervises the spraying by natives of the main ditch that drains the area surrounding the 234th General Hospital at Chabua, India. Photo June 12, 1945 by U. S. Army.



S.O.S. USES SAMPANS to transport ammunition trucks to Nanning from Poseh, China. The soldiers on the boats are members of the 21st Fighter Group, known as the "Assam Dragons." U. S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



Vol. 7, No. 5

September, 1953

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Assn.

Clarence R. Gordon **Managing Editor**

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Sydney L. Greenberg Photo Editor
Wm. J. Adams Staff Artist
Wendell Ehret Staff Artist
Howard D. Scott, Jr. Staff Artist
Boyd Sinclair Book Review Editor
Murray Uran Washington Representative

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER Sept. 8, 1949, at the Post Office at Denver, Colo., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year

Foreign: \$4.00 per Year

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **We were gratified** (to say nothing of our amazement) with the response to our plea in last issue for renewal of subscriptions under the new \$3.00 per year rate. We assumed that the increased rate would result in our losing some subscribers, but it appears now that our loss may be less than 1%! More proof that CBI-ers are a close-knit bunch of reminiscing wallahs!

● **If you're wondering** how Roundup will manage to publish monthly and continue to create an interesting magazine, we'll give you a brief preview of material to come: Unit Histories; a list of all outfits and installations in CBI; more feature articles; more photos.

● **A reader has suggested** that Roundup offer for sale a *Scotchlite* automobile bumper reflector of the CBI patch. If enough subscribers are interested to warrant ordering 1,000, we could have these made in size 2½ x 3 inches to sell for 35c each or three for \$1.00, postpaid. Drop us a postal card and tell us how many you could use. These are bumper **stickers**, not metal.

● **New feature** for Roundup. Beginning with next issue, a Book Review Section will appear. Boyd Sinclair, whose articles have thrilled CBI-ers for several years, is Book Review Editor. You'll enjoy this feature, we know.

'Perry Manhunt'

● Re the "Perry Manhunt" (July issue) . . . I have heard that the officer whom Perry murdered had been "riding" Perry pretty heavily. Having seen a number of officers giving a lot of hell to Negro Quartermaster troops, I wouldn't be too sure that the officer was quite a bit in the wrong. Naturally, this is no excuse for murder.

GENE K. WILSON,
Miami, Fla.

We're told that Herman Perry had been in and out of the guardhouse several times before the murder. Army sources say he was "a bad actor" from the beginning of his army career. — Ed.

Doesn't Wanna Go Back!

● I'll bet that reader Vic Rollo (July issue) can get a lot of takers on his bet that every one of us would like to go back to that %&*! intriguing land called CBI. I'll cover any amount as far as I am concerned and I was only there for eight months, although I'll admit maybe some who were there for three or more years may have gotten to like it.

KENNY JOHNSON,
Austin, Texas

'Over The Hump'

● The story, "Over The Hump" (July issue) by Boyd Sinclair was excellent. But how's about a story on the outfits who, through maintenance and modification, kept these planes in the air? I refer, of course, to the Air Service Groups of CBI.

HOMER C. VICCO,
Reno, Nev.

A complete history of the CBI Air Service Command will appear in Roundup soon.—Ed.

SEPTEMBER, 1953

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To the Editor

Lost Son

● Am very pleased that you are going to publish monthly. As I have written before, we lost our oldest son in that area and we read every line of the magazine, hoping to find some mention of him. The plane he was lost on has never been found, or any word of the ten or eleven men who were on it.

Mrs. C. W. FENSLER
Tulelake, Calif.

Congrats!

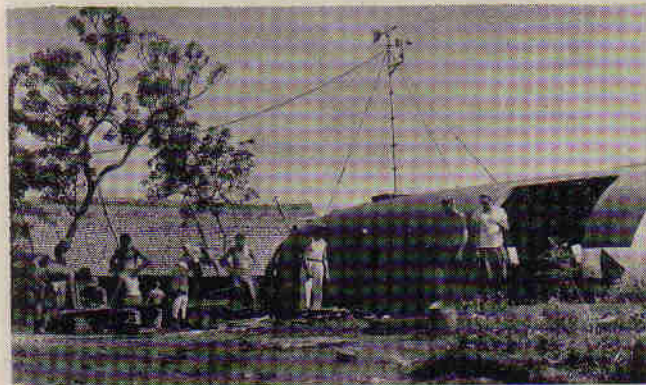
● Congratulations on making OUR Roundup a monthly publication! Enclosed is my check for a two-year renewal.

JOHN N. TOMICH,
Summit, Ill.

478th QM Truck Co.

● Was with the 478th QM Truck Co. that served thru the entire CBI theatre. Would like to read about our regiment that has done everything in the CBI. They have done airdropping, trucking, built roads, DS service and etc. I managed to learn to speak the Hindu language. What fun I had! Natives used to call me the American Hindu. . . . In reading about the Perry Manhunt (July issue) the story differs from what I heard when I was at Ledo.

MURRAY ZETTLER,
Trenton, N. J.



CRACKED-UP C-46 is put to good use. With a little imagination and a lot of hard work, GI's of the 459th Fighter Squadron at Chittagong, India, are shown converting this fuselage into a snack bar and coffee shop. Photo January 1945 by U.S. Army.

CBI REUNIONS

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA VETERANS ASSN. — 6th Annual Reunion, Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 13-14-15-16. For registrations or information write Gene Brauer, Box 1848, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

14TH AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION — 6th Annual Convention, Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D.C., Aug. 13-14-15. For information or registrations write Col. John Neal, 1527 38th St. NE, Washington 20, D.C.

7TH BOMB GROUP — 1st Annual Reunion, Old Faithful Area of Yellowstone National Park, Aug. 3-4-5-6-7-8. For further information write Max Hillsman, 1553 W. 223rd St., Torrance, Calif.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS ASSOCIATION — 7th Annual Reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5-6. All former members urged to write to Dave Hurwitz, 22 Basket Lane, Levittown, N. Y.

Gets Calcutta Paper

● I wouldn't miss an issue of our magazine for anything. I try to spread the word at every opportunity. Might interest you to know that I am now getting the overseas edition of the Calcutta Statesman every week. It is printed in Calcutta and I receive it by way of London on the next Thursday. Thanks again for many hours of enjoyment.

RONALD H. SIMS,
Downey, Calif.

25th Medical Depot Co.

● Was stationed in Myitkyina with the 25th Medical Depot Co., during most of 1944 and 1945. Some time during the year 1945 a training film was taken of our outfit, showing the way a Medical Depot received and issued medical supplies. Wonder if we could get a loan of that film to show at our next reunion which will be held in 1954? We just held our 7th Reunion at the Brass Rail, New York City.

ELIJAH HENNIG,
No. Bergen, N. J.

India-Made Patches

● Was a special engineering officer attached to Eastern Sector, Hq., ATC-ICW at Chabua, India, and later at Wing Headquarters in Calcutta (Hastings Mill). Would be interested in hearing from any of the group billeted at the old Tea Shed at Chabua or Hastings Mill. I would be interested in obtaining India-made CBI shoulder patches. Does anyone know where they may be obtained.

KARL H. YOUNG,
Baltimore, Md.

At Reunion in Spirit

● Delighted with the phenomenal success of your — or rather, OUR magazine. Looking forward to receiving it monthly will be a pleasure. Sorry I cannot attend the CBI Reunion but will be there in spirit.

Rev. WM. P. BYRNES,
Hampton, Va.

Hermitage Picture?

● Went to India on the USS Hermitage, landing in Bombay on Dec. 26, 1943. Served for two years in Hq. Sq., 48th Air Depot Group at the Assam Air Depot. Would like to know if anyone has a picture of the Hermitage or would know where I could get one?

JOSEPH RINSTER,
Bellevue, Ohio

675th QM Base Depot Co.

● Discovered Ex-CBI Roundup by accident a couple of years ago, have been a subscriber since March 1951. You have a fine magazine and I would like to see it published monthly. Spent 23 months in CBI with SRAU and 675th QM Base Depot Co.

FRANK FLINN,
Georgetown, Ky.

Perry Manhunt

● Pvt. Herman Perry shot and killed a Lt. Cady near Tagap, Burma, early in 1944. I was at that time assistant Provost Marshal under Capt. Eugene Kirk and our office conducted most of the investigation and search. (Two searches, really, because he escaped one night later in 1944 from our Ledo stockade and was recaptured near Digboi, Assam.) Lt. Floyd

Cox, CMP, of our office was in charge of the case for most of its duration and he could also supply details if he could be located. The full story is a long exciting one, from the morning Perry shot Lt. Cady, through his life and subsequent capture (he was shot and wounded by Cpl. Miller of the 782nd MP Bn.) in a nearby Naga headhunters village, his conviction and death sentence at a General Court Martial in Ledo, his escape while the sentence was awaiting approval, the wild shooting melee which was supposed to ambush him in a native hut back of Ledo village, a second ambush near Digboi (well-planned but ruined by the childish impatience of an MP major from Chabua), his quiet capture in a hut near Digboi and his death by hanging (as per sentence) early one morning at the Ledo stockade . . . I was disgusted after returning to the U.S. to read the story in a well-known pocket magazine, written so that Perry seemed a jungle Robin Hood when actually the murder was cold-blooded and his previous record as a soldier was very bad.

D. R. SMITH, Jr.,
Towanda, Pa.

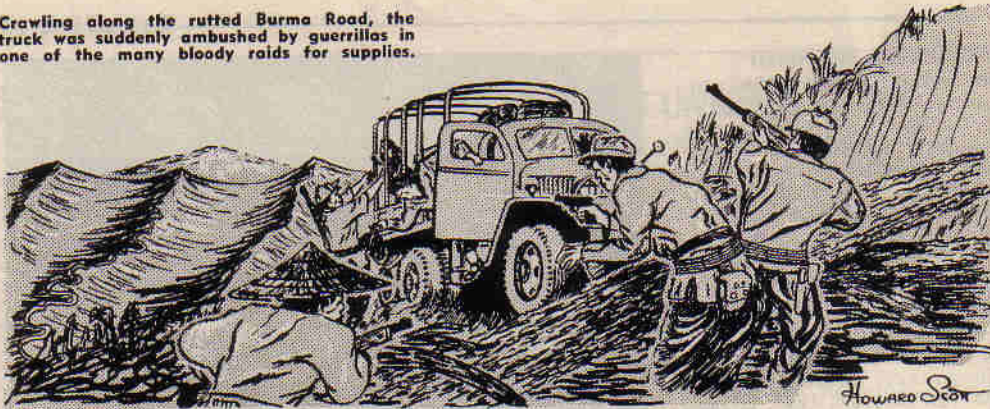


MEN OF THE 124th Cavalry Regt., Mars Task Force, stop to wash clothes and mess kits in a creek at bivouac area near Mo-Pung, Burma, during a march across central Burma. Photo Jan. 28, 1945 by U.S. Army.



MEN OF COLONEL Cochran's 1st Air Commandos lounge beside cracked-up glider, used to move British Infantry troops behind Jap lines in Burma. U.S. Army photo.

Crawling along the rutted Burma Road, the truck was suddenly ambushed by guerrillas in one of the many bloody raids for supplies.



Bloodshed along the Burma Road

By JAMES H. WINCHESTER

IT WAS SHORTLY after noon when the driver of a lone truck with several guards and passengers sitting atop the crated goods in the back, pulled out from Myitkyina, busy river town in northern Burma.

His destination was a native village, on the way to Bhamo. He expected to reach there before nightfall. But neither the driver nor any of his passengers were to see the moon rise over the Burma hills that night.

As the truck poked its way across the mountains in mid-afternoon, making slow progress over what was little more than a succession of ruts, the driver slammed on his brakes. Ahead, across the road, a fallen tree completely blocked the way.

The wary guards hardly had time to lift their own guns before accurate fire from the jungle mowed them down. Following their bullets, a dozen or more men swarmed down the steep roadside banks to surround the truck. It wasn't much of a fight. It was all over in a few minutes. The Burmese truckers were all dead and the raiders, working swiftly, ransacked the truck of its contents. Carrying their loot with them, they faded quickly back into the jungle from which they'd launched their ambush.

BLOODY EPISODES like this along the once bustling Ledo and Burma Roads—officially they were jointly known as the Stilwell Road—are fairly commonplace today as new trouble in oversized doses brews in this remote corner of the

world, where only ten years ago American, Chinese and British troops battled the Japanese.

It all started three years ago, when Communists took over Yunnan, in China, next-door neighbor to northern Burma. Chinese Nationalists, reported to number several thousands, fled the Reds, crossing the Salween River into Burma.

Early this year, the Nationalists—or so the Burmese government charges, anyway—began a series of all-out attacks on Burma villages and outposts.

These have become so serious that large numbers of Burmese troops, supported by planes and tanks, have been sent into the area in a campaign to wipe out the Chinese. Last reports had the Nationalists in control of several towns, among them Namhkam, at the juncture of the Ledo and Burma Roads. They're also reported to control at least one World War II airstrip in this area. Planes, reports the Burmese government, are being flown into this strip at night to supply the Nationalists. Carefully, the Burmese do not name the places from where the planes are coming.

To all of these charges that the new battles along the Burma Road were started by Nationalist troops, including units trained in Thailand and sent across the Burmese border to help refugees from Yunnan, the Chiang Kai-shek government says "nonsense."

In an official statement from Taipeh, General Cheng Lai-mi, deputy chief of the Nationalist general staff in charge of guerrilla activities, says there are no Nationalist military units in Burma and none have been or are being trained in Thailand.

But whether the fighting being done today along the Burma Road is being

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Bloodshed Along the Burma Road

carried out by trained Nationalist soldiers, or merely by Chinese refugees—known locally as “white” Chinese—who have banded together as guerrillas, the whole situation has the Burmese government justifiably worried.

The big thing they're worried about — particularly if the “white” Chinese shift their attacks to the 75,000 Red Chinese troops massed along the China-Burma border—is that the Communists will use this as an excuse to march their own forces into Burma. Wars, say skittery Burmese spokesmen, have been started on far flimsier excuses.

There's no doubt the Reds have their eyes well cocked toward northern Burma. If the threatened sea blockade of the China coastline becomes a reality, then they may have to try and take over this area, re-engineering and reopening the Burma Road to give themselves a back door supply route, just as the Allies had to do in World War II.

ALLIED ACTIVITIES in the China-Burma-India Theatre in the last war all largely hinged around this supply route. Most publicized was the “hump” operation, by which over 100,000 tons of supplies a month were flown from India's upper Assam valley across the Himalayas to China. Writing their own book on air freighting as they went, the Air Force pioneers of the “hump” paved the way for the Berlin and Korean airlifts in later years. Many of the lessons learned there, too, have been translated into the growing commercial air freight business which now links practically every country in the world.

But rugged as the “hump” was, it was a “good deal” compared to the backbreaking task of creating a road through the almost impenetrable jungles of Burma. Not only was it necessary to conquer some of the wildest mountain terrain in the world, but it was also necessary to clean out the Japanese army, which was strongly entrenched across the route.

To get rid of the Japs, one of the most heroic outfits in military history was formed — the 5307th Composite Unit, known as Merrill's Marauders, after their commander. They arrived in Burma in 1943, some 2,800 strong. After their epic trek, generally regarded by military historians as the most arduous ever undertaken by an army anywhere, more than 2,000 were casualties before the enemy was finally routed on the Myitkyina airstrip. Disease took a heavier toll than bullets—amoebic dysentery, typhus and malaria claimed the heaviest number.

EVEN BEFORE the Marauders took Myitkyina, the engineers were carv-

ing out a road on the paths the infantrymen had blazed through the jungles.

Americans, Chinese and British slugged through incredible obstacles — scalding heat, drenching monsoons, landslides and Jap patrols—to complete it. In addition, there were more unusual hazards such as large snakes creeping into machinery, monkeys destroying communications and clouds of insects making both day and night hideous for the intrepid workmen. The road was opened early in 1945.

Tremendous tonnage crossed the road before the opening of China's seaports made it unnecessary. The jungle made its revenge rapidly. By mid-1946 the road was impassable.

In the once bustling Assam valley, where tens of thousands of U. S. troops were stationed, decay has set in too.

Chabua, one-time Air Force headquarters for the “hump” operations, was abandoned. Cattle grazed along the runways, once the busiest in the world. An occasional signpost stands here and there, but the great installations have fallen into debris.

The thousand miles of once graded road, costing more than a billion dollars and many lives, have become a trail for smugglers running goods in and out of Red China, an illicit trade which has multiplied tremendously in the past two years.

But though this road is impassable for much of its length today, if the Reds decide to use present guerrilla activities in Burma as an excuse to reopen this once vital supply route, they could get it back into shape without too much trouble. A few thousand men and some first class road equipment would do the job.

For this reason, if the cold war blows any hotter in the Far East, the Burma Road may well become headline news again.

—THE END.

HELP ROUNDUP GROW!

This issue marks the beginning of a new era for Ex-CBI Roundup. When the magazine began publishing in 1946, it was issued four times a year. As circulation increased, the publication frequency was changed in September 1950 to six times annually.

Now, with this issue, Roundup becomes a monthly magazine and at no increase of per-copy subscription price. Significant is the fact that, although the nation is beset with inflation, Roundup still costs the same price for a 32-page slick-paper magazine as was charged for the original 8-page newsprint publication issued in the early stages.

This growth of YOUR magazine was made possible by the thousands of subscribers who have passed along to their CBI buddies the good word of Roundup's existence. You can help, too! Tell your CBI friends about the magazine, urge them to subscribe. Your reward will be a bigger and better magazine in years to come.

To the Editor

112th Station Hospital

● It took me ten years to forget about happenings in CBI, but now I want to start remembering a few and can only do so through your magazine that rates first among my subscriptions. I learned of Ex-CBI Roundup from Robert E. Lee, whom I understand has helped to organize a CBI Basha in Chicago. Bob crooned to us for 45 days on our way to India. It sounded good even though it was 25 feet below the water level. I was with the 112th Station Hospital at Calcutta.

EUGENE D. ROYER,
DuBois, Pa.

3731st QM Truck Co.

● Served in Assam and Kweiyang, China, with the 3731st QM Truck Co. We have several CBI vets here and I'm sure they would be interested in Roundup.

SFC ROBERT J. BURNS,
Korea.

25th Field Hospital

● Always a pleasure reading about the old familiar places. Was with the 25th Field Hospital, a good working outfit with a swell bunch of guys.

HYMAN BROWN,
Detroit, Mich.



ACTOR JOE E. BROWN autographs an Indian rupee on the back of Pvt. Joseph Ericsson at Willingdon Air Station, India. Photo Nov. 25, 1943 by U.S. Army.

Hastings' Rats

● On page 14 of July issue, Nellie A. Hahn says the rats running on the pulleys at Hastings Mill... They must have been pretty courageous rats to tackle those noisy things, with the sheet metal that was attached to the shafts for the purpose of cooling the place. We slept in those barracks before the WACs arrived and you always hear the cooking and simmering in their own perspiration. In my

opinion that was the true Black Hole of Calcutta. She also refers to mournful-sounding birds that peered in the skylights. I'll just bet they belonged to ATC because ASC and AAF were much too religious! I wonder if Miss Hahn recalls a WAC named McLemore, a tall, dark-haired, good-looking girl from Nashville, Tenn. She worked in my section (AG Publications) with Mr. Lester, the warrant officer in charge. I should like very much to get McLemore's address. Maybe some will recall the nightly chore which was our lot to carry a monstrous wooden box from AG Publications near the Motor Pool down to the furnace (to burn the papers). It weighed as much as an ordinary railroad box car!

LEROY W. HASSE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Happy Buyer

● Thank you for the opportunity of purchasing some authentic scenes of this type (see ad on back cover). Should there be other scenes available would appreciate advising.

EDWIN TOMASSI,
Binghamton, N. Y.



BEAUTIFUL JINX FALKENBURG plays a game of table tennis with a GI in the day room at Chengtu, China. The GI's in rear are intensely interested in the game. Photo Nov. 9, 1944 by U.S. Army.

Don't Miss The Biggest CBI Reunion, August 13-16!

CBI Veterans from all sections of the nation are set to converge on Milwaukee August 13th for the Sixth Annual Reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Festivities for the "Biggest, Best and Beer-iest" Reunion of them all are slated to begin on the eve of August 12th when early arrivals will attend the double-header of the Milwaukee Braves and St. Louis Cardinals.

During the entire Reunion fetes include a CBI roundup on August 13th at the Blatz Brewery Auditorium; the Basha Puja on August 14th; the Reunion Banquet and Commander's Ball on August 15th; and the Civic V-J Day celebration at the Blatz Temple of Music. Daily tours of a Milwaukee brewery are planned and on Friday noon the men will be luncheon guests of the Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co.

The ladies, too, will have activities. On Friday noon they will be luncheon guests of the Miller Brewery and on Saturday noon a special luncheon at the Hotel Schroeder.

A gold tasseled white fez bearing the insignia of the CBI will be made available to each veteran and guest at the reunion. At the Friday evening Puja the Rice Paddy Queen of 1953 will be crowned.

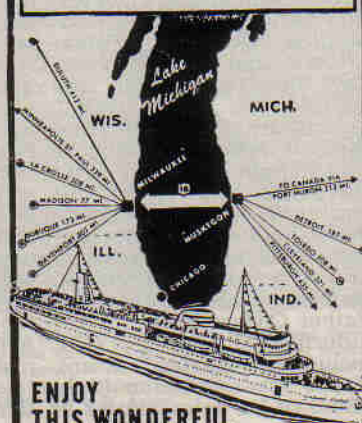
Reservations may be sent to the CBIVA Reunion Committee, P.O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis. Tickets for the ball game are available at \$1.85 per reserved seat.

The Milwaukee Basha extends an invitation to each and every CBI veteran to attend this Reunion, and enjoy the hospitality that has made Milwaukee famous.

Passenger-Auto Ferry Across Lake Michigan

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6th Annual Reunion China-Burma-India Veterans Association

Headquarters

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin
AUGUST 13-14-15-16

Send
Your
Reservation
Now!

Rates at Hotel Schroeder: Singles — \$4.50 to \$8.00
Doubles — \$7.00 to \$10.00 Twin Beds — \$8.50 to \$12.00

CBI Reunion Committee

P. O. Box 1848

Milwaukee 1, Wis.

To the Editor

Father O'Gara Fund

● In reply to Fred Cohen's letter in the July issue, Father O'Gara did not receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. He did receive a high commendation from the War Department. It occurred to me, however, that we could make a posthumous award to Father O'Gara that would please him much more than any medal ever could. After all, Jesuits are expendable and there is nothing lacking to his happiness now. But there are millions in this world of ours lacking the most fundamental necessities of life, as all of us know from personal experience. How about instituting a Father O'Gara Fund for the unfortunate children of CBI, including Pakistan? Frank Vanzo made mention (July issue) of the missionaries in

China and of the generosity shown towards them by the men in his outfit, but remarked sadly that it was "a case of too little and too late" for China. Fortunately, I think Frank was mistaken there as the Providence of God can work wonders with a few yuan. But we have a golden opportunity to do a great deal of good now in the Asiatic countries where we served. Let's face it. You made mention of the 3,000 licensed brothels in Calcutta (as was commented on by Charles Pizzano in the July issue) and although as you rightly observed they were not licensed by the U.S. Army, they were nonetheless generously patronized by U.S. Army personnel. Now it is just this sort of thing that the Communists gleefully seize upon and throw into

the teeth of the Indian people, exclaiming "See, these are your American friends for you. This is what you can expect from those decadent Americans." No mention is ever made of the enormous contributions made to India through the Point Four plan and other American agencies of relief. But if an appeal were made to CBI-ers, I'm sure that a sizeable check could be sent direct to Pandit Nehru, Chiang kai-Shek and rulers of Burma and Pakistan, stating that the money is to be used expressly for the benefit of the underprivileged children of Asia. Charity covers a multitude of sins, and if there ever was a time when the world needed a demonstration of true Christian charity, **now is the time!** The unofficial nature of such a gift would make it all the more warm and welcome and give proof positive to the people of Asia that, despite all our faults, we really are not such bad Joes at heart. Hoping sincerely that this suggestion will be favorably received and, please God, generously achieved.

GEORGE GLOSTER, S.J.,
Weston, Mass.

The Father O'Gara Fund for underprivileged children of Asia is an excellent idea, and a fitting tribute to a CBI Chaplain who, enroute to the States via military aircraft, gave his parachute to a fellow passenger when the plane was about to crash into the sea. Father Martin J. O'Gara perished. The entire story will appear in next issue of Roundup with details of the Father Martin J. O'Gara Fund to which your editor is proud to make the first contribution—\$100.—Ed.

Ordinance Writeup

● How about a writeup on the Ordinance? Never have seen anything on that branch of service.

JACK CREIGHTON,
Marietta, Ohio



BEFORE BOARDING his plane for the return trip from Myitkyina, General Stilwell stops to question a wounded Japanese prisoner. The wounded Jap later was loaded onto the general's private plane and flown to a rear area for hospitalization. Photo June 13, 1944 by U.S. Army.

Back Issues!

<input type="checkbox"/>	Sept., 1948
<input type="checkbox"/>	Sept., 1949
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<input type="checkbox"/>	June, 1950
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PRICE	Jan., 1951
	March, 1951
	May, 1951
25c	July, 1951
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EACH	Nov., 1951
	Jan., 1952
	March, 1952
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	July, 1952
	Sept., 1952
	Nov., 1952
	Jan., 1953
	March, 1953
	May, 1953
	July, 1953

The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.

ATC Radio Operator

● Roundup is one publication I never want to miss. I was stationed at Karachi and Sookerating as a Flight Radio Operator and would like to hear from some of the ATC boys.

LAWRENCE FRIEDMAN,
6711 Paxton Ave.,
Chicago 49, Ill.

Forced Reading

● Am happy to advise that I have enjoyed Roundup so much that when it arrives I am forced to lay down my work and read it from cover to cover. Keep up the good work for I am sure that there are many other CBIs who are enjoying it as much as I am.

EDWIN A. TOMASSI,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Pleased Reader

● Glad to hear the good news of your publishing on a monthly basis. Am extra pleased to note that you are not changing the format or quality of the magazine. I have saved every issue of Roundup and can assure you that I wouldn't be able to do so had you changed it to a tabloid newspaper. Evidently the majority of subscribers feel as I do.

RAUL M. PEREIRA,
New Bedford, Mass.

They surely do!—Ed.

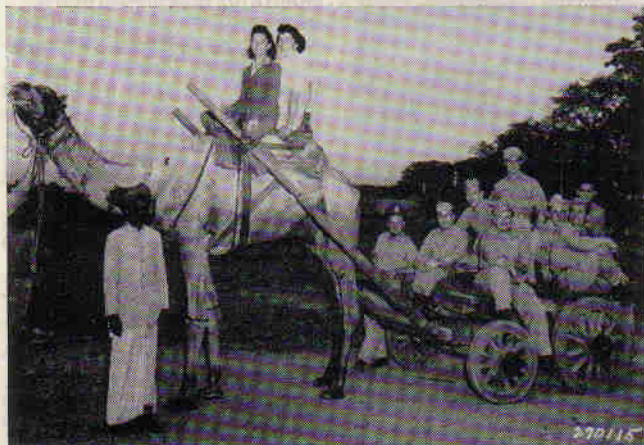
Burma Aids Victims

● Was very impressed by a bit of news based on an announcement by Secretary of State Dulles. He stated that the government of Burma has donated \$10,000 to help tornado victims in the U.S. This is quite a wonderful thing, coming from a country that needs that amount of money itself. It shows that our display of humanity to other countries has been rewarded with a thank you coming from the heart of deserving people.

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.



BUILDINGS AT LULIANG, China, are (left to right) 835th Signal Service Bn., next two are barber and tailor shops combined with WASC offices; next group officers' day room, mess hall and barracks; among trees at right are SOS Headquarters building and the motor pool in foreground. Photo June 22, 1944, by U.S. Army.



HAY RIDE, sponsored by the American Red Cross. On the camel pulling the cart of soldiers are Jackie McCormick and Pat Moore. Photo at Karachi by U.S. Army.

SEPTEMBER, 1953

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To the Editor

Gen. Ellsworth Dead

● Many fellow CBI-ers will be grieved to learn of the tragic death of Brig. Gen. Richard E. Ellsworth in a B-36 crash in Newfoundland last March. From 1943 to 1945, as a colonel, he was Commanding Officer of the 10th Weather Squadron and its many detachments scattered the length and breadth of the CBI. Ellsworth was admired and respected by all with whom he served. There were few indeed who did not receive some direct benefit from him. No detachment was too remotely located or too small to be overlooked by him when personally flying out PX supplies and athletic equipment. Ellsworth exerted a profound influence in my own life. On my return from the CBI in 1945, he induced me to remain in uniform and come to work for him at Headquarters, Air Weather Service, Langley Field, Va. While there I met his secretary and married her in June 1946. At the time of his death, General Ellsworth was Commander of the 28th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing at Rapid City, S.D.

RAY GORDON,
Silver Spring, Md.



ARMY HORSES brought to Boripani, Assam, are treated for injuries and diseases in the corrals and sheds of the 1st Veterinary Co. Photo May 7, 1945 by U.S. Army.

Rice Paddy Navy

● Noticed a letter in July issue by Andrew M. Fleming. I was also in "Saco," or "Rice Paddy Navy." Spent my time in China, Camp 7, and after the war I spent four months in Shanghai.

HAROLD K. CONNER,
West Union, Iowa

Squadron Buddies

● . . . John Metzger, who contributed several pictures in the July issue, and I were old 373rd Bomb Sq. buddies.

HAROLD F. ZWONCHEK,
DeWitt, Nebr.

Overwhelmed Reader

● Nostalgia and enthusiasm have overwhelmed me after reading the July Roundup. I was with the 19th Base Post Office, Calcutta, Chabua, Kunming and Shanghai. Two flights over The Hump; one convoy over The Road; side-trips over India and China. Roundup is surely a great magazine.

RAY CHAPMAN,
Lubbock, Texas

No Tabloid!

● It was with considerable regret that I read in the May issue that you were "toying" with the idea of publishing Roundup on a monthly basis in the form of a tabloid newspaper, similar to the original CBI fish-wrappers. The idea of a monthly is fine. I would willingly pay any reasonable price for such a Roundup. Concerning the tabloid newspaper idea, however, I could never be sold on that. In spite of my feeling, though, I would remain a subscriber.

REX A. SHIPPLETT,
Abingdon, Ill.

Hundreds of other readers have convinced us that subscribers are more interested in saving their copies for future reminiscing, rather than saving money. Roundup's high quality will be maintained.
—Ed.



QUARTERS FOR Enlisted Men at Khanspur Rest Camp, India. Bearer is making up bunk at right. Steel spring beds like these were rare in India, as anyone who slept on a bamboo charpois for a couple of years will agree. U.S. Army photo.



by SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR.

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CHAPTER IV

"JING BOW" FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

MY SECOND DAY of duty in the China Theater was December 24 — the day before Christmas.

Major Sundquist, Captain Franklin, and I were awake early. After we had washed, shaved, and dressed, we started for the mess hall together. We walked in single file for the path was narrow. Franklin was in the lead. I brought up the rear of our column.

We had proceeded in this manner for a few minutes when I stopped and exclaimed: "Hell's bells! Did you fellows see this?"

They turned and looked to see what I had discovered. I was pointing toward a human skull at the side of the path.

"Oh, that?" Franklin's tone of voice had condescension in it. "Sure. It was right in the path. I kicked it over there, out of the way."

In spite of his matter of fact attitude, I had not recovered from my surprise. "Well," I said, "Isn't it unusual to find some poor bastard's skull here in the path? Where did it come from?"

"Somebody's been robbing a grave, I suppose," Sundquist said. "This whole Yunan valley is just one big graveyard. All of these round piles of dirt are old

graves. Some of them aren't so old, either. The natives think they're holy spots. Ancestor worship, or some such damn nonsense. If you look around, you'll see that there are prayer flags stuck into some of them. In fact, there are three prayer flags right over there."

We had resumed our walk toward the mess hall as he talked. Now he was pointing at some bits of colored paper attached to sticks that had been stuck into a low mound of earth, to the right of the path.

"Who robs the graves?" I inquired.

"Chinks," he answered.

"What do they get out of them?"

"Oh, a few old coins or maybe a piece of jewelry. They'll try to sell the coins to you. Best not to buy them. They're no damn good. The only money used in China now is paper money."

Franklin laughed. "The paper money is no good, either," he said. "There's too much of it."

We had reached the mess hall. There were small square tables, each set for four persons. Young Chinese boys served as waiters. One came to the table we had selected.

"Hot cakes," said Franklin.

"Soft boiled eggs and toast," said Sundquist.

I decided upon eggs, too.

"Where do they get the eggs?" I inquired.

"They're local eggs," Franklin replied. "These Chinks around here have lots of chickens and ducks. In fact, I've heard that Yunan has been famous throughout China for its chicken and its ham."

"Sounds good," I replied.

"Yeh. Sounds good," Sundquist said, "Sounds better than it is. The Army chow has been pretty bad here. You can get some good food in town but it's one hell of a high price."

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SEPTEMBER, 1953

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China APO

"This table's sticky," I said.

"Number Two Boy!" Franklin shouted. One of the Chinese came running.

"Table's dirty. Get cloth and wash," Franklin directed, while going through the motions of cleaning off the table top.

"Yes, Yes," the boy said. He went over to the corner of the room, picked up a wet cloth from the floor, and washed our table top with it.

I looked at him and at my companions. Evidently my facial expression was one of surprise again, for they glanced at one another and started to laugh.

"Think nothing of it," Sundquist advised. "These people don't know what germs are. They seem to live anyway, so why shouldn't we?"

AFTER BREAKFAST, I went up to the Headquarters compound. A Captain from the G-1 office took me over to the Special Service Building.

This proved to be a warehouse — a long, low, cinder-block building, evidently of quite recent construction. In fact, only half the building was finished. A partition closed in one end of it and beyond the partition, construction work still was in process. The part that was finished had been subdivided by another partition to provide a bunk room for the four GIs who were assigned to Special Service work.

The part that we entered was just what its name indicated: a warehouse. Inside the big double door was a small space separated from the remainder by a counter. A sergeant stood back of the counter, thumbing through a file of requisition forms. He looked up and came to the position of Attention as we came through the door.

"Good morning, Sergeant," the Captain said. Without waiting for a reply, he introduced me.

"This is Major Burr. He came over the Hump a day or two ago and has been made Assistant Theater Special Service Officer."

"That makes him my boss, then," the Sergeant replied. "Good morning, Major, will you come back of the counter?"

The Captain from the AG office said: "I guess that does it, Major. You have your orders and this is your shop, so I guess it's up to you, now. The Sergeant will round up the other men and introduce them to you. There are some civilian employees, too." He turned and left.

"What's your name, Sergeant?" I inquired.

"I'm Sergeant George Gooden, from South Carolina, sir. I'll bring the others

out of the bunk room to meet you."

"Sooner or later, I'll have to see the bunk room, so I'll go in now," I replied.

There were no windows. Every square inch of the walls was covered by pictures of pin-up girls. Most of the pictures had been clipped from magazines but one section was a series of photographs of three girls who wore no clothing whatever — not even G strings.

There were four bunks, four clothes racks, and four chests of drawers. There were six or eight electric lights, several chairs and stools. In the center of the room was a large table on which were a coffee pot and an electric toaster. This was the best sleeping and lounging room that I had seen since I had left the Officers quarters in Natal, on my trip from the States.

The other three enlisted men assigned to Special Services were sitting at the table, drinking coffee and eating toast and slices of salami. Sergeant Gooden called them to attention and introduced them. They were Sergeant Kobelesky, Corporal Smith and Pfc. Worthington. I told them that I would be in command for a short time, until some Special Service officer with higher rank might arrive in the theater. Then I told them to go ahead with their coffee and salami sandwiches.

By this time, the civilian members of the Special Service staff were arriving in the larger part of the building. There were seven of them — six Chinese men and a woman secretary from Australia. I had a few words with each one of them and told them to proceed with their work as usual. Sergeant Gooden and I made an inspection of the warehouse, checking the materials on hand against the inventory. I was amazed to find that most of the storage bins in the warehouse were absolutely empty. There were scarcely any Special Service supplies on hand.

"One reason is that we never did get much supplies for Special Service, Major," Sergeant Gooden stated.

In the afternoon, I had the sergeant call our people together for a conference in the warehouse. Each one was asked to explain to me just what he understood

STREET SCENE, Kunming, China in 1944. Photo by John Metzger.



his job to be. I could understand what the GI's and Miss Alexander were supposed to be doing but Sergeant Gooden had to explain what several of the Chinese employees were talking about. They used English words all right but the manner in which they put them together didn't make much sense to me.

BEFORE THE afternoon was over, word got around that a lot of the officers in the Headquarters were receiving promotions as Christmas presents from the General.

I walked over to the AG office in the compound, just to see what was going on. Only a corporal was on duty.

"Where are the Officers?" I inquired.

"They're over in their quarters or in the headquarters mess hall, I think, sir."

I took a shower, dressed and went to mess. Only the civilian Chinese mess attendants were there.

"Where are all of the Officers?" I asked the boy who served me. "No other Officers here, tonight?"

"Oh, sure! Everybody go everywhere! Much happiness tonight!" was his reply.

"Oh, sure! Much happiness tonight!" I muttered to myself. "What a hell of a way this is, to spend Christmas Eve!"

I thought back to the situation which had obtained one year previously. On Christmas Eve in 1943, I had been stationed on Ascension Island, where many of the Officers and enlisted men had been my friends. I recalled the out-of-door religious services which had been held by Chaplains Bratcher and Urbansky and the little informal Christmas parties which we had organized among ourselves.

But I was a new arrival in the China Theater. I had no friends among the Officers at this installation. Even my two roommates had forgotten that I might have been included in their plans.

There did not seem to be much opportunity for choice, in the matter of finding something to do for the evening. I finally decided to take a walk over to the 14th Air Force Base, to see what Christmas Eve activities might be in process there.

I WAS WEARING my winter O D uniform and a helmet liner. I fastened my flashlight to my web belt. I made sure that my pockets contained a pack of cigarettes, a folder of matches, a bar of chocolate, and several sticks of chewing gum. Thus equipped for the evening, I started out.

It was a crisp, cool evening and the walk helped to revive my spirits. When I

reached the Airbase, however, I found that their personnel were having their own Christmas Eve parties. So I walked on, beyond the buildings, toward the outer end of the landing field. It was when I was approaching the upper limit of the runway that the air-raid warning signals were sounded. I had no idea as to the location of any trench system near this area, so I started back towards the buildings from which I had come.

Suddenly, there was a new sound that I had not heard before. But I knew what it must be. It was the whine of falling bombs.

Then several things happened, almost at once. I'm not sure whether I dropped to the ground or whether I was knocked down by the explosion. At any rate, there was a brilliant flash of pinkish light, something made a noise like aaarrrrruu-mmmmmpppppphhhhh, my helmet was rolling on the ground in front of me, and there was a tingling sensation along the side of my head. The lens was broken out of my flashlight, too, but I didn't discover that till later.

I was rather thoroughly scared. Without stopping to think, I grabbed my helmet, got to my feet, and started running toward the side of the field. There was a ditch there, a couple of feet deep, and I crouched down in it. I touched the place where there was a stinging sensation at the side of my head and found that it was wet. I put my finger into my mouth and tasted fresh blood.

So a piece from one of those bombs had grazed the side of my head! I wondered how much of a cut it had made in my scalp.

After some minutes of consideration, I decided that the best thing for me to do was to get back to my own room in Barracks A, the other side of the Headquarters compound. No more bombs had fallen, I could hear no planes, and I wanted to investigate the seriousness of the cut in my head.

It was quite a walk and while I was on my way, the "all clear" signal sounded. I reached the barracks without any unusual incident. The building still seemed to be deserted. Neither of my roommates had returned from their Christmas Eve parties. I went into the washroom, turned on one of the lights, and looked into the mirror. There was some dried blood in my hair and back of my ear. The cut was more than an inch long, but it was not deep. I washed it out carefully with clean water and covered it with an application of vaseline. Then I undressed and went to bed.

(To be Continued)

To the Editor—

Adjutant General

● Enjoy each copy of Roundup, thanks a million, and my congratulations for an excellent magazine which is a MUST in my family. Completed some 38 years of active service and am now retired. Served in CBI as Adjutant General, Z-Force, and as The Adjutant General, USF, China, under both General Stilwell and General Wedemeyer. Consider it one of the most interesting assignments of my long and varied service throughout the world. I plan to attend the Reunion in Milwaukee.

C. M. DAVIS,
San Antonio, Texas

Air Service Groups

● Was with the 305th Air Service Group at Ondal, India. How's about an article on the many air service groups stationed in CBI? There were flocks of them and we all did our part to keep the Air Corps' thousands of planes in the air.

GEORGE B. KEYES,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

An excellent history of the Air Service Command in CBI, with many illustrations, will appear soon in Roundup.—Ed.



ARMY NURSES turn a native dwelling into comfortable quarters at a field hospital in central Burma. Left to right are Lts. Martha Toulme, Alma E. Heinonen, Gladys Ross and Mary Fries. U.S. Army photo April 4, 1945.



CONVOY LOADED with Chinese troops passes under an overhanging cliff on the Ledo Road, just before taking the suspension bridge over the Salween River. U.S. Army photo Jan. 30, 1945.

CBI Stamps

● Was glad to receive the July issue and to note the Editor's letter concerning no change in size of magazine and the increase to monthly. Wishing the magazine continued good luck. ...How about my previous suggestion of having CBI stamps, in color, for sealing envelopes and other uses?

MILTON MURRAY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

These No Oxen!

● Re your May issue — congratulations to the magazine and to Boyd Sinclair on that most interesting article, "Vinegar Joe." On page 4 you show T/Sgt. Baker patiently watching "oxen" pull his jeep out of a swamp. If soldier Baker had ever been chased thru a rice paddy by galloping, supercilious beasts like those pictured, he would conclude that they are horses of a different color quite different from oxen; they are, namely, water buffalos, and with one or two breathing hotly down your neck you know it is time to put patience behind you — and fast!

Rev. F. J. BURTON,
Bishop's House,
Ramna, Dacca,
Pakistan

Lost Platoon

● Am enjoying Roundup, re-living those days at Ledo and Kunming. I was in the "lost" platoon of Co. C, 1304th Engineers, attached to SOS Hq., Kunming. I was G-3's Mapper. Looking forward with pleasure to reading Roundup monthly.

ROBERT S. YOUNG,
Wilmington, N. C.

It Happened In CBI

While assigned to Camp Malir, awaiting shipment home from the CBI, a buddy and I happened to be in Karachi on a sightseeing tour of the bazaars. We saw two GI's dickering with a rug wallah ("Rupees 150, sahibs!"). We continued with our "window shopping." Two hours later we returned to the rug wallah's shop. The two Yanks, about speechless, had the price of the rug beaten down to Rupees 15. Having no use for the rug, the GI's bid the shopkeeper farewell. Hearing this, the merchant wallah replies, "?!:-?(!):...?-!?!!"—TOM L. CAMPBELL, Homeland, Calif.

Winning Entry

It happened in New Delhi, at the Red Cross Duration Den, to be exact. It was getting late one afternoon and one of the girls asked a bearer to go to Headquarters and pick up a few copies of the CBI Roundup. The li'l Hindu must have been new on the job as I can still remember her trying to make him understand just what she wanted. Finally he took off, yelling "Malum, malum!" and it wasn't too long 'til he returned with the goods. He understood "round" and "paper" and grinned from ear to ear as he handed over three rolls of toilet tissue.—EVERETT J. BERGMAN, Dayton, Ohio.



We had moved into a temporary area at Chabua back in the early days when the latrine was located behind any convenient bush. Several days later about 20 worried-looking GI's reported to the dispensary with wild stories of passing worms. The medic said he would have to see the worms in order to prescribe treatment, so he passed out cardboard containers to be used and returned. Soon the containers were returned, but no worms. Investigation showed that flies were laying maggots on the excrement before the GI could turn around.—FRANCIS M. YANCEY, Hinton, W. Va.

In July 1944, Jim Barnes, James Metz, Frank Hall and I were enroute to Clark's Hotel in Simla for a leave. We left Ondal, home of the 305th Air Service Group, and arrived eventually in New Delhi where we boarded another train that was to carry us up the mountains to another transfer point where we would board a narrow-gauge train for our final trip up the Himalayas to Simla. Of course, we were traveling in style, via "Requisitioned First Class compartment"—requisitioned, that is, from some unfortunate persons who had reserved same. But we were traveling with food and drink of all types and paying our fares with a few cans of meat and vegetable stew and wonderful Vienna sausage. After several stops we arrived at a fairly large station where we stopped 30 minutes for dinner. At this station Metz and Barnes left the compartment and did not return when we again got under way. Hall and I did not think this odd as we figured that they would be on the train somewhere and would eventually return. We soon approached another station and being in the first car back of the engine, we could see all the Indians waiting for the train and poised to jump into any possible empty space. Imagine their surprise and ours as the train whizzed right past the station and onto the main track before stopping. The train then backed into the station and loaded the passengers. As we approached another station, we peered out the window again to see if the engineer would make it this time. Again we went past the station. This needed investigation. As the train backed up, we got out and ran up to the engine. You guessed it—there was Metz, sitting in the engineer's seat, and Barnes, covered with coal dust, busy shoveling coal into the fire box. The crew was sitting happily on the floor with an almost empty bottle of South African brandy, laughing at the two GI's running the train. The brandy, of course, was a gift from the two GI's who later confessed to us that their fondest wish had come true. Metz said, "A couple of more stations and I know I could have stopped at the platform." —ROCCO V. PERNETTI, Los Banos, Calif.



YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened In CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

To the Editor—

Program for Ladies

● I hope to see each CBI vet at the Milwaukee Reunion with his wife. The Milwaukee Basha Auxiliary has a fine program for the ladies, so each and everyone should find something of interest. See you all in Milwaukee, Aug. 13-16.

Mrs. MARVIN OLSEN,
Wauwatosa, Wis.

"Dopey" Duncan

● Have heard "Dopey" Duncan many times on Station WKAP, Allentown. Never thought he was a CBI-er. Formerly with the 1111th Signal Co., 44th Air Service Group at Dinjan, and 52nd Air Service Group at Myitkyina.

STEPHEN KALISTA,
Coaldale, Pa.

What About China?

● Have been enjoying Roundup for quite some months now, and was very pleased to learn the magazine will be issued monthly. Each issue always brings back memories never to be forgotten, and also the comradeship that went with it. I have been wondering why, though, China seems to be so meagerly represented? Of the 4th AACs Wing in



POLICE BAZAAR at Shillong, India, high in the Himalayas. Photo by R. E. Younghans.

CBI, the 63rd Group was all in China. What about Kunming, Suifu, Hsingching, Liangshan, Laoshan, Peishiyi? These stations were in the old 159th AACs Squadron. What of all the fellows in the 129th Squadron at Shanghai, Hangchow and Peiping? I'll bet some of them could make wonderful contributions to your pictorial display if they knew about Roundup. Would like to hear from men of these outfits.

EDWIN W. PRESCOTT,
1895 9th St. N.,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

1st Cavalry Det.

● We wouldn't want to miss even one issue of your most entertaining and wonderful magazine! My husband would like to locate Joe Beuno who was a boxer in civilian life before entering the army from Syracuse, N. Y. They met when they were both in units attached to the 5th Chinese Army in 1943-44. My husband started out from Camp Anza, Calif., with the 1st Cavalry Detachment, bound for Burma. Under pressure of orders, the 1st Cavalry was sent somewhere else instead, and there he was in India instead of on the way to the Philippines. His group (6 officers, 96 men) was certainly hacked up. Some went with Merrill's Marauders. We are both much interested in hearing from any of the boys in this outfit. My husband may be remembered by some for his veterinarian work in the field, or as the guy who always managed to have a hunk of meat tied to his saddle. He was a butcher before and after his army service, and if there is one person who never changes regardless of circumstances it's a butcher. Thanks again to your magazine for taking me on an arm-chair tour of CBI-land.

Mrs. SIGMUND KNAPP,
Chicago, Ill.

Felix A. Russell

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF
General Joseph W. Stilwell Basha
CBI Veterans Association

Record of Invention Forms

FREE UPON REQUEST

507 Colorado Building

Washington, D.C.

Nice Vet Program

● The Chicago Basha of the CBI Vets Assn. voted a fund out of their treasury for the purchase of 50 reels of Scotch sound-recording tape to be used in recording messages from disabled vets in hospitals to send to their loved ones in homes all over the country. We go into the wards and let the boys speak into the mike as they are recorded. Then the tape is sealed and mailed off—all at no charge to the vet.

ROBERT E. LEE,
Chicago, Ill.

Learned Chinese

● I was in Kunming and Shanghai, and passed thru India in 1945 as an enlisted man. I first attended the University of Pennsylvania and learned the Chinese language.

Rev. H. EARL MORRIS,
Earlimart, Calif.

Troop Carrier

● Served in India and Burma with the 315th Troop Carrier Squadron, 10th Air Force. Also in China with the 27th Troop Carrier Squadron.

ANTHONY J. SESTOK,
Palmerton, Pa.



AN OXEN TEAM plows the rice paddy through which the Delhi-Kunming poleline runs. Working on the line is a 'weasel' crew of the 236th Signal Service Bn. Photo at Chabua, India, June 5, 1945, by U.S. Army.

Charlie 46 Driver

● A former Hump friend sent me your May issue which I found to be most interesting. I was a Charlie 46 driver stationed at Chabua.

N. B. MATTHEWS,
Missoula, Mont.

We must be getting rusty. Took us a half-hour to figure out you were a C-46 pilot!—Ed.

612th Field Artillery

● Received the July issue and have taken time out to read from cover to cover. Enjoy every article in our magazine and wish you much success in your future plans for a monthly publication. Would enjoy hearing from any former members of my old outfit, the 612th Field Artillery Bn., or anyone who was assigned to units comprising the Mars Task Force.

HIRAM V. BOONE,
Box 332
Gate City, Va.



BETTY LUCE of the American Red Cross served coffee daily to the patients of the 100th Station Hospital at New Delhi. Photo June 29, 1945 by U.S. Army.

Free Coffee!

● Here is my remittance for my 3rd year of Ex-CBI Roundup which I've enjoyed immensely. Was a member of the 301st Air Service Group which was in India and Burma from 1943-45, and have enjoyed reading letters from various members of the organization. I now own Marr's Coffee Shop on Route 20 and would like to give FREE coffee to any CBI-er (male or female) passing through on this much-traveled route, so please stop and say hello.

DAN MARR,
Cazenovia, N. Y.

from Wings to Shoes

The Men Who Walked Out
Provided Tales of Adventure
Exceeding Anything Out of
Fancy or Imagination



by Boyd Sinclair

(Copyright 1950)

The men who walked out from Hump flights provided tales of adventure, suffering, injury, illness, and near starvation that exceed anything out of fancy or imagination. The longest recorded walk-out was 93 days. Men encountered everything from cobras to tigers, leeches and lice being taken for granted. Sometimes they walked in, sometimes they were rescued, sometimes their rescuers had to be rescued, and sometimes they did not make it. They might be swept far off their course, as was the famed Shangri-la crew, and fall into the lavish hospitality of the Tibetans' holy city of Lhasa.

Capt. Charles A. Herzog, an engineering officer of the India-Burma Air Service Command, experienced one of the most thrilling of the Himalayan odysseys. Herzog, whose story was first told by Maj. Thomas H. Moriarty, declared that "God was guiding those parachute shroud lines" when he came down through the blackness of a cloudy night. In one minute he landed in the top of a tree in the mountain jungle, after his P-40 did a right bank away from him in mid-air, sparing his life. The tree on which Herzog landed had creepers running up its long trunk. He climbed down the vine ladder to begin his 150-mile walk back to civilization.

Herzog spent 17 days in the freezing Himalayan section known as the Lafla Hills, located in the British frontier tract between Tibet and Assam. Herzog officially had been reported missing, and two days before Christmas 1944 he appeared at the headquarters of an Air Service Command group, accompanied by four mountain aborigines who had guided him out of their lofty home. Herzog's fondest hope was to make it by Christmas as a Christmas present for his wife in Pasadena, California.

The captain began his unwanted adventure after taking off from an Assam airfield. At 15,000 feet he ran into turbulence, his gasoline ran low, and night came on. When his coughing engine told him the last tank was dry, Herzog cut off all switches except the lights, cut the air-speed to 150 miles an hour, rolled back the canopy, and stepped into murky nothingness.

"I don't remember pulling the ripcord," the captain related. "Like a ghost ship, with three little lights of red, green and white, the P-40 circled me, came directly at me, then slid away before clipping my chute. I yelled, 'Hello!' several times on the way down, I don't know what for."

When Herzog landed on top of the tree, he received a painful hip injury, but hung on for dear life. Later he used his cigarette lighter and could see that the branches of the tree ended in a tuft near the top and that the earth was a long way down out of sight. It was not until the next morning that he climbed down the vines, falling the last 15 feet. During the next four days, Herzog worked his way down from the high places, following rivers and skirting waterfalls, passing through great silent gorges and sleeping at night in depressions filled with leaves. His food was some D ration chocolate. He could start no fires because of the wetness of wood, leaves, and moss.

"When at last I did connect with some human beings," Herzog related, "I came upon them so suddenly that I got a terrific scare. They were Indians, and all had long knives, and feathers in their hair. They wore a sort of Robin Hood cap on the back of their heads, and woven bamboo bands were around their stomachs. However, I was so glad to see them that I nearly cried. I kept my Colt .45 on the ready, and began to make friends by signs and smiles."

After getting used to a lost white "bird-man" in their walled-off land of damp mountain jungle, the natives agreed to take Herzog to his civilization. They

started back up the route of the waterfalls, the opposite direction to which Herzog had been going.

"To satisfy their curiosity about my pistol," the captain said back at the base, "I fired a shot for them, being careful to hit the target of a tree trunk and not lose face. From time to time, I had to do an encore on this performance, hitting knife-chipped targets on trees and rocks. Was I glad that I had at least standard marksmanship ability!"

Before beginning the trek back with Herzog, the tribesmen had to satisfy themselves that the auguries were good for the journey. For tedious hours they retired among themselves, chanted, shouted, and cut jungle chickens open and looked at their livers. From time to time they would come back and look at the white man, study his features solemnly, and then attempt to read the future with another chicken liver, extracted from a slit bird which they did not bother to kill first. After a day of indecision, the natives smiled at Herzog and indicated that the journey would be safe and that no storms would beset their path.

For the next 10 days the natives proceeded by slow and weary breaks to put behind them the best part of the 150 miles to the tea gardens of Assam. At night they would build a bamboo or reed shack, including flooring, in an incredibly short time. They fed the officer mountain beans, pepper, and deer meat, rolled leaf cigarettes for him, and watched the weakened officer write entries in a makeshift diary.

In the stoical atmosphere of the safari, Herzog came to know their names as, phonetically translated, Jarum, Jungolee Ganbara, Romo, Rayo, Lada, Charee, and Ugo. Of the group, Romo was the most curious and the most devoted. He walked constantly in the rear, pointed out slippery rocks, dangerous slides, or sink holes in the jungle floor. Near the end of the journey, his bright-eyed curiosity cost Romo his life. One morning Herzog was at a stream bank washing up when he heard a pistol shot. He rushed back to the camp and found that Romo had taken a .45 bullet through the right side and out of the small of his back. Seeing the pistol in Herzog's belongings, the natives had taken it out and pulled the trigger in front of the marvelling Romo.

"He died in my arms," the captain related, "and his last act was to raise his hand to his forehead in a silent salaam to me. It was one of the most touching things that ever happened to me. I had to take a knife from Rayo to prevent him from killing the man who had pulled the trigger."

With Romo's death, the guides departed, taking their dead comrade home to their high jungle valleys. Herzog started out alone in the other direction. Two days later he was still in the same desolate terrain, huddling in holes full of grass and leaves at night, trying to find a path by day which would lead over the next mountain barrier. Some native fishing equipment was cached near a river, but as long as he waited, no Indian showed up. Some days later, his friends, the guides, returned, and the last mountain ridges were traversed to reach a sandy plain covered with elephant grass.

The first sign of civilization, as Herzog knew it, was a white-painted post which marked the boundary of an Assam tea plantation. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th day, the party walked into the bungalow compound of the Kettela Tea Company. In a short time, Lt. Col. J. P. Hines, nearest air service group commander, was notified, and the next day the Dafla tribesmen were paid off each 25 rupees, 10 pounds of salt, 10 pounds of rice, 10 pounds of beans, and some mustard oil and cloth as *baksheesh*. Herzog lost 20 pounds on his jungle diet.

Flight Officer Hoyt M. Hensley and Sgt. Wilbur E. Luth were two CBI men who started out looking for somebody else and had to walk back themselves. A lieutenant had disappeared flying over The Hump a few days before in the fall of 1944, and the two were sent to take a look at what was thought to be a parachute hanging in a tree. Hensley and Luth grabbed a little PT-17A plane, *Tweedle-Dee-Dee*, early on the morning of their flight and headed toward the mountainous jungles of North Burma. After an hour of uneventful flying, they reached the area where the hanging parachute was supposed to have been seen. They found it on a ridge and spotted two other chutes, also.

Hensley decided he wanted to get a close look, for he knew that some ground troops had once been near the spot, and he thought they might be food parachutes used in airdrops. As the little plane came over the leeward side of the mountain, Hensley felt the little ship shudder and drop. Putting all her 250 horses to pulling, he lifted her out of danger of the strong down-draft between the ridges, which sloped in a 70-degree angle toward a little stream about a thousand feet below. It was almost a canyon, with one end closed.

Hensley cut the throttle and yelled back at Luth:

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"If I'm not careful with this little kite, I'll kill us both."

Just as he yelled, he saw one of the parachutes had something hanging in it, big enough to be a man. All thought of the down-draft was forgotten in the hope that it would be the missing lieutenant. Back Hensley went to take a good look the second time. As the little plane pulled just over the ridge, the chute could be seen hanging about one-third of the way down the ridge. Suddenly the draft caught the plane, pulled it toward the trees.

"Like a nut, I saw I was heading toward the closed end of the horseshoe," Hensley related at his base later. "I rolled into a vertical bank away from the ridge and tried to turn around, but the opposite ridge was too close. I rolled out level and tried to climb over the rim, but 250 horses wouldn't do the job."

"I cut the throttle and yelled to Luth, 'We're going in!'" I heard him answer, 'God's with us!' I remember grinning and thinking, 'There's a guy with brains enough to trust in something besides his own ability.' I was headed for two big trees that were close together. I pulled the stick back into my stomach and reached for the switch. My hand never touched it. There came a rending crash, and the next I knew, poor little *Tweedle-Dee-Dee* was in eight pieces, and the two cockpits were leaning against a tree upside down."

Hensley was bathed in oil, gas, and cold sweat. He knew that the switch had not been cut. He undid the safety belt and fell out on his head. Luth already was sitting on the ground, feeling himself for broken bones.

"Get away!" shouted Hensley. "She'll burn!"

Both the fallen fliers scurried about 100 feet away and turned to look back, but dense undergrowth already had hidden the plane. Luth had a cut on his elbow, which was treated from Hensley's emergency kit. Then the two took out the machetes and started the slow grind of cutting their way through the undergrowth to the opposite ridge, where they knew they could find an open spot to spread out their parachutes. They had found that the parachutes at which they had been looking had been used for food drops. Cutting through the undergrowth in the heat was slow, heartbreaking work, but in about three hours they were on the ridge with a chute spread out. In another hour a low-flying fighter plane appeared. The plane gave signs of recognition and departed, and Hensley and

Luth settled down in their parachutes for a night's sleep.

The next morning the two built a fire and were eating D rations when they heard the roar of heavy radial engines. The plane, a B-25, dropped jungle kits and orders from their commanding officer to stay where they were while a rescue party was being organized. After a wait of one day, the B-25 was on the scene again with the revelation that the CO had changed his mind. Hensley and Luth were to move out alone. Picking up their machetes, the boys started hacking north, where the map showed a trail along the top of a ridge. They were soon on it, heading northeast. By that time the rain, which had been falling in torrents, was a regular waterspout, and the men could not see more than 20 feet ahead. By walking hard, head down, over the dim trail, the two came to a rushing river toward evening, and they knew they had lost the trail. The two crossed the river, and after about an hour of almost crawling up a steep mountain on another dim trail, they came to an opening in which was a cluster of native huts.

"God, what a heavenly sight!" said Hensley in recalling their discovery. "Those rough bamboo huts with smoke coming out the sides were just that. We yelled for joy and didn't care if they were head hunters or not. They were people, anyway."

The natives, however, proved to be friendly and seemed overjoyed at meeting the airmen. After meeting a group of natives, Hensley and Luth found one who could speak a little English. His vocabulary was limited, a limitation that brought astonishment to the walking airmen. In a voice completely without tone he sang a few words from "My Mama Done Told Me" and "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." He also had an ever-ready "okay" to whatever the fliers said, no matter what. The jungle aborigines fed the men rice and other things not recognizable, all boiled together, and gave them some blankets on which to sleep. Astonishment number two: they were American blankets.

The next morning the men, after communicating with the natives, decided that where they were going was about 10 miles and a million leech bites away. The native singer of American songs and another native who helped him in his vocal efforts started out to guide the flyers. The sweat began to pour. The two ate salt tablets by the dozen. They slipped, slid and fell over the rough trail. Their weary eyes popped about 6 o'clock in the afternoon when the trail led onto a road with American trucks rolling on it.

Pointing to the trucks, the singing guide burst into "My Mama Done Told Me." His grateful followers of the trail understood at once.

Hensley was greatly worried after getting back to camp, when he recalled the fate of *Tweedle-Dee-Dee*. The little ship was the proud possession of a major who was in the hospital with malaria.

"I have a feeling the worst of this deal is yet to come," said Hensley. "It's a good thing that flight officers are like buck privates. You sure can't bust 'em."

One of the hardest ordeals in walking out was when an entire group of men had to hit the silk, lost one another in the jungle, and walked out separately, although all started more or less from the same vicinity in the thick, tangled terrain. Four men of the Skull and Wings Medium Bombardment Squadron had that experience. The four bailed out over the craggy and wooded foothills of the Lushai Range. They were Lt. Dale T. Horney, Staff Sgt. Jefferson B. Dishongh, Staff Sgt. Lawrence D. Cain, and Staff Sgt. Harold R. Manley. The men had to ditch their ship when it ran out of fuel after a night bridge raid.

Manley and Horney had the most narrow escapes, Manley hacking with a jungle knife and crawling about on all-fours for three days before he came into the open.

Horney went two full days without water. On the third day Horney met some hill people, who took him to their village and provided him with food and water. Guides took him to a large settlement where he checked in at the police station. There he found that the others of his crew had preceded him, straggling in one at a time. All followed the same journey out from that point, down the Gumti River in a dugout, by civilian bus, and by jeep. The jumpers reported that the hill people were overjoyed to get the silk from their parachutes.

"They just went wild over the stuff," they reported. "Some of those women are going to be quite ritzy now, prancing around in their new sarongs."

Lt. Joseph L. Sherohman of Minneapolis, Minnesota, a member of the 528th Squadron of the 311th Fighter Group, 14th Air Force, endured a heroic eight-month odyssey, during which he was banqueted by some Japs. Sherohman's tale begins on March 7, 1945. He was strafing Jap trains with his P-51, completed his mission near Peiping and headed for his base. South of Tientsin, an oil leak developed in his engine. When his power plant quit, Sherohman hit the silk at 800 feet. His chute opened accidentally before he cleared the cockpit, injuring both his legs and knocking him unconscious.



JUST BEFORE take-off on another bombing mission, crews of the 341st Bomb Group line up to receive money belts and escape kits, to be used if crew is forced to bail out over enemy territory. U.S. Army photo.

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When he regained consciousness, he was being dragged along the ground about 100 feet from where his crashed ship was burning. The daze airman found shelter in a cave, and after resting awhile, he started out.

In a few minutes he encountered a young Chinese woman, to whom he displayed his American and Chinese flags. She immediately led him to a small village where several peasants took charge and brought food. While he was eating, his hosts were warned of the approach of Japanese. Not having time to get him into an originally agreed haven in a barn, the Chinese placed him under a low table in their house.

"It was the most dangerous part of the affair," the lieutenant later related. "The Japs came hobnailing into the house, passed within a few feet of the table several times, but for some reason never looked under it."

After a night and day, during which he acquired Chinese clothes and a large straw hat to shield his features, Sherohman started traveling on a small jackass, as he was unable to walk by that time. The Chinese guided him to a guerrilla band. The guerrillas escorted him until they met a cavalry patrol of the Eighth Route Army, which immediately adopted him, giving him a uniform and a Jap pistol. The lieutenant was taken to Lit-sing, where he was presented to General Yank Kuo-fu, commanding general of the Po-hai region.

A period of several weeks followed, during which the pilot was showered with gifts, including cigarettes, food, clothes, and liquor. He was called upon to make speeches, was given a special cook who had once worked aboard an American freighter. Early in April, he began traveling again, this time toward Shantung Province, arriving at the headquarters of the Eighth Army on April 24. Again, a festive atmosphere greeted him. One banquet consisted of 24 courses and the hall was decorated with signs reading, "Welcome, American Flier."

In Shantung, he received his first expert medical care from Dr. Jake Rosenfeld, a former Viennese and Shanghai surgeon who was serving as surgeon general of the New Fourth Army. Also he met several members of the Japanese Emancipation League, who, not to be outdone by the Chinese, threw another banquet in his honor. The members of the league were Japs who had surrendered to North China forces.

Forced to move again by a Jap attack in mid-May, the pilot was able to see a lot of action in the next several weeks,

although he did not participate in it. By September, he managed to get word to U.S. evacuation officials of his whereabouts, but it was not until October 21 that they managed to get an evacuation plane to move him to Yen-an, from where he went to Sian, thus completing his mission after 229 days, a mission which would have taken him a few hours had his oil line held.

Lt. Morton Sher was another fighter pilot who had to walk out in China. It happened on his first combat mission. Operating with Col. Robert L. Scott, he participated in a raid on Hong Kong. The planes for the mission took off on an October morning in 1942. The P-40 pilots flew their ships to the assembly point, where they met the bombers they were to escort to the target. The planes reached Hong Kong without a trace of trouble, the bombers released their destructive cargo and headed home. The flight to that point had run so smoothly and peacefully that it seemed a simple task to bomb a Jap base.

Then it happened. Maj. "Tex" Hill, on whose wing Sher was flying, sighted a large number of Jap Zero fighters climbing on the right and below, heading straight for the bombers. He immediately gave the signal for the attack and peeled off in a steep dive after the leading ship. Sher followed him and picked the second Zero for his target. Sher's strong dose of steel was bad medicine for the Jap as it went through the Zero's canopy. The Zero fell off in a spin and crashed in the bay. The ships following the downed Zero attacked Sher, and he later said he wondered how they missed. At least five of them took shots at Sher's P-40, one nearly crashing into him.

When Sher regained control and looked around, the sky seemed full of turning, twisting and diving planes. At that point Sher saw one of the American bomber's left engines smoking. He immediately flew in that direction, and as he neared the ship, he saw four Zeros attacking the bomber. He fired at them. Three of them turned on him so he turned away and began diving with the three Japs right behind him. He dived down to the surface of the water and skimmed along on a course that would carry him back to his own field.

After skimming along for some time, Sher's engine began running very roughly, so he decreased manifold pressure and began to climb in order to estimate his position. After climbing for approximately five minutes, he glanced behind his ship and saw two Zeros diving straight

for him. He nosed down and dived away. Sher's engine was running so roughly that he thought it would jump right out of the ship at any moment. From then on it was a running flight for him. Every time he slowed down to save his engine, the Japs caught up with him and he would be forced to dive again. His gas supply was running low and the engine seemed as if it would quit at any time.

Sher flew over a river and followed it in the hope of running across a field in which he could land. He was just getting ready to bail out when he saw a small field ahead right by the river bank. He made for the field and circled it to ascertain whether or not he could land safely on it. His ship was losing altitude and the field looked pretty good, so he decided to attempt a landing.

Sher made his approach and got his wheels and flaps down. He hit three points, right on the end of the field, and was rolling along fine when the right wheel fell in a hole about three feet deep. The ship nosed over on its back and Sher was knocked unconscious by the impact. He came to hanging upside down in the cockpit. The pilot unfastened his safety belt and looked out of the glass to see where he was. A group of people were standing around looking at the ship, but the pilot could not tell whether they were Chinese or Japanese. He decided to take a chance. The canopy was crushed and would not open, so Sher took his .45 and knocked a hole in it large enough to crawl through and went out with the pistol in his hand.

No one seemed to bother him, so Sher showed them his Chinese flag and told them he was an American ally fighting for China. The people covered his ship with grass and took him to a ditch where he could hide.

About five minutes later, the two Zeros which had been following him came over the field. The camouflage was so effective that the Japs overlooked the ship and kept on with their pursuit. The Chinese took Sher to their town, in which he was the first Occidental ever to set foot. His presence brought about great curiosity. The news of his arrival soon spread through the countryside and natives started coming in to get a look at the American flyer.

Sher's new-found friends took him to the government house, where the mayor and all the town officials lived. Here he was given a room furnished in a pleasant manner. His pleasure was short-lived, however, when he examined the bed. He found that the people slept on beds of wood covered with a thick piece of cloth. Sher was so tired that he did not notice



BOY FROM NAGA Hill tribes of Northern Burma, acting as guide for search party. These guides were highly paid, by Oriental standards. U.S. Army photo.

the hard bed the first night, but he awoke with the feeling that he had been through a tough football game. When he did awake and looked around, he had the feeling he had the crowd at the game, too, for he saw a line of curious Chinese staring at him in bewilderment. From that time on he was constantly under the gaze of these people who had never seen a man from the Western World.

When Sher had reached his quarters from the field where he had landed, a Chinese doctor was waiting for him. He introduced himself as Dr. Chang Yee-han and then proceeded to look at Sher's injuries. He diagnosed the lump on Sher's head as a "contusion" and promptly bandaged it very efficiently. Chang could not speak a word of English, but could write a few medical terms in the language, having been educated at Hong Kong.

Sher, however, found an interpreter in the person of Weng Wanghai, a teacher from the town middle school who had been educated at a university in Shanghai. Although he taught English at the school in the town, it had been many years since he had spoken it with anyone who was proficient, so Sher had to speak very slowly and repeat some things many times in order to enable Weng to grasp his meaning. Sher explained his situation to the teacher and told him he had to get back to his base as soon as possible. Weng told him it would take 15 days to go up the river, but that he could make the trip over the mountains on horseback in about five days. Sher said that he would go by horse and Weng began making arrangements for his journey.

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Weng, in the meantime, appointed himself as Sher's personal guide and took him on a tour of the town. One day they climbed a mountain close to the town and went in a huge temple cut in the mountainside. It had been built, Weng said, during the Ming dynasty, around 500 years before. There were hundreds of idols around the walls, some trimmed in solid gold. Sher also visited the schools, stores, factories, gardens and parks.

The day before Sher was to depart, Weng arranged a big public gathering, at which Sher was to make an address. As no one could understand English, it was rather simple to make a speech. That afternoon about 3 o'clock, Weng and Sher went out to the park. To Sher's amazement there was a crowd of about 15,000 people to hear him talk. Before the pilot was introduced, the people shot off firecrackers and saluted him in unison. This demonstration impressed Sher very much. The mayor then introduced the pilot and the crowd shouted in Chinese:

"Hurrah for our ally from the great country across the seas."

Then the people sent up cheer after cheer.

Sher spoke to the crowd for about 10 minutes on the American purpose in China and the results up to that point. The interpreter then told them to the best of his ability what Sher had said. The crowd then began shouting something over and over again. Weng told Sher that the people wanted to hear an American song. So Sher sang several songs for them and they were highly pleased. Sher was then told that a banquet was arranged for him that night at the home of a general, and he was presented with numerous presents from the town officials.

The next morning Sher began his trip across the mountains. The town officials notified all the towns and villages along the route that Sher was coming and he was entertained at every stop. Sher got up early to leave and discovered that the mayor, Lee Shin-nien, and Weng were to accompany him to the first village. As soon as they got outside the government building, Sher saw the streets leading to the river lined with people. They shot off firecrackers and waved cheerfully as he passed.

There was a big crowd waiting at the river where Sher boarded a junk provided to take him down the river to the trail he was to take. There was also a horse for him to ride and soldiers to accompany him over the mountain trail. On reaching the trail, Sher started out on his horse; but after about two hours the horse gave out and Sher walked to the next village.

There he made another speech and sang more songs.

After three days more of walking, he reached a town where a truck was waiting to carry him the remainder of the way to the base. There Sher took leave of the mayor of the town in which he had landed. He had accompanied the pilot all the way. When he left, the mayor gave Sher a card on which the translator wrote the following note for him:

"We shall part from here now," it read. "I have some wishes for Honorable Mr. Morton Sher. 1. We are very glad to see you in everywhere. 2. We hope that we can drive out our enemy at near future. 3. Beg your pardon, our whole city are ready for a little tiding. 4. We hope Mr. Morton Sher have good health. We are anxious to receive your letters and so on — the end of wishes."

Sher had quite a time trying to figure some of this out, and finally gave up completely on point number three. He declared later that he was treated so well by these people that he was reluctant to leave them, but was anxious to return to his base.

"Someday I hope to return and visit all my good friends," he said after he reached his base, "good friends who live so far from the world we live in."

Women jumped and walked out as well as men. Nurse Lt. Jeannette Gleason of Houston, Texas, made herself eligible and became the first of her sex to join the "China Walkers Club." At the open hatch of a C-47, lost and rapidly running out of fuel, Lieutenant Gleason, clutching her puppy, Murgatroid, under her arm, at the command of the pilot, leaped into the midnight darkness. Three breathless counts and she jerked the red ring in her hand, the giant umbrella opening above her with a jerk, her pet puppy slipping from her grasp and plummeting earthward. She landed safely in a smooth valley, and after days of walking, she made her way back to her base.

Men not only walked out from Hump flights, but they were also rescued by every possible means. The story of Lt. Greenlaw M. Collins and his message from "Somewhere in Hell," first told by Sgt. C. M. Buchanan, is a stirring story of hardship and rescue. One day in September 1944, a Naga runner brought a note to an Army intelligence officer in Burma. When the captain took it, his face tightened.

"Somewhere in Hell," the note read.

"I am the pilot who crashed. I need a pair of GI shoes, quinine, socks, cloth, sulfa for boils and infections rotting my legs off. I'd like to borrow a blanket if you can spare one. Cold. Cigarettes would be nice. I'm ashamed of asking for so much. Thanks for whatever you can do. Lt. G. M. Collins."

There was a postscript expressing the belief that the writer could find his way out, but the uncertain handwriting and the halting text spoke eloquently of weakness and delirium.

Collins had been skimming across North Burma on July 29 when his P-51 fighter went into a spin. There had not been much time—and no choice. Collins opened the hatch and bailed out. He landed in mountains 8,000 to 10,000 feet high. Collins had no luck that day. His tropical kit, sole protection against the wilds, was lost. Stunned, the lieutenant made his way through the steaming, stinking mass of rotted leaves, tangled vines and thorny undergrowth. He rested and took stock of his situation. He had no knife, no weapon, no safeguards against the bite of the malaria mosquito. Leeches, ready to suck his life's blood, crawled their slimy way about him. Drenching rain chilled his shivering bones. He was a solitary soul in a sea of endless vegetation and crawling and flying pests. That was on July 29th.

For protection against mosquitos, ants, and other pests, the pilot removed his undershirt, wrapped it around his face and replaced the leather helmet. He made gloves of his socks to cover the exposed flesh of his hands. He tucked his pants into ankle-high boots. At night he buttoned his khaki shirt to the neck and curled up in a semi-circle on the damp, cold ground.

After almost a month, Collins was found by a Naga searching party. He was too weak and sick to move. For four days he ate, then the Nagas helped him to the nearest settlement on a mountainside. This took two days. When he was stronger, he was moved to Gedu Ga, another Naga village. There Collins was able to write the note and dispatch a runner to the closest American outpost, many miles away. When discovered by the Nagas, the flier's clothes were tattered, his boots rotted off. He was bearded, fever-ridden, and starved. Collins had tried to conserve his energy by following streams that furnished water. He built crude shelters of leaves and branches, sucked cane vine, ate bamboo shoots and chewed bitter berries. Collins even ate leeches.

The Burma jungles did not give up their victims easily. Between Collins and

the Ledo Road was a raging river, crossed by the Naga messenger when the water was low, but since that time swollen by a 10-day monsoon storm. The Tarung River, flowing southward, was spewing and roaring defiance to those bringing aid. Two rescue parties were organized. An air team was formed to parachute in, as soon as the weather permitted. Simultaneously, volunteers were chosen to go down the treacherous Tarung and then overland to Gedu Ga, where Collins lay sick. The Army had to be sure one patrol got to the sick pilot quickly.

The land group, led by Maj. Michael K. O'Heeron, Capt. Russell W. Rice, and Lt. Glen J. Bateman, started down the Tarung. The officers and eight men, Sgt. Charles L. Zimmerman, Cpl. Anthony S. Opalach, Cpl. Clarence E. Campbell, Cpl. Joseph A. Ulrich, Pvts. First Class Theodore Kulmatiski, Samuel C. Housel, Werner G. Seidel, and Sgt. Buchanan battled the choppy rapids and dodged the sharp rocks jutting from the river bed.

At the juncture of the Tarung and Gedu Rivers, the ponton boats were made fast. Ulrich and Kulmatiski established a camp and kept the boats in readiness. The remainder of the party, led by a Naga guide, started the trek to the first *bustee*. The hike to the first settlement, a distance of four miles, took more than three hours. The following day, the party covered 15 more miles over hazardous footpaths. That evening, Gedu Ga, where Collins was sick, was in sight on the next peak. A Naga runner was sent ahead with a message and returned with the good news that the air rescue party already had made contact with Collins.

Lt. William F. Diebold of the air party, equipped with a walkie-talkie radio, had parachuted to what he thought was Gedu Ga. Discovering it was not the right *bustee*, he started over the trail to Collins' village. Diebold found Collins weakened and emaciated. He suggested that medical personnel be dropped on the spot. Maj. William H. Spruell, a flight surgeon, and Capt. Owen J. Morrissey, bailed out. They shaved Collins, gave him cigarettes, treated the boils and infections, checked the malaria fever. It was decided to parachute a rubber life raft to the village and float the patient down the swollen Gedu River to the mouth, where the assault barges were moored.

The land party returned to the assault barges as the three officers and Collins proceeded down the stream. Easing the bulky raft along, the air rescue group was forced to wade to prevent the boat from capsizing. Once in lowering it down a small falls, the ropes snapped and dis-

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aster threatened. Circling planes kept a constant vigil over the rescuers and provided liaison with the waiting land party. When the land group was reached, the raft with Collins aboard was placed in an assault boat for the journey on the Tarung. It was impossible to travel against the swiftly moving stream, so the combined parties started south in the early afternoon and by dusk had traveled 60 miles to a point along the Ledo Road, where an ambulance waited.

Collins had survived a 45-day ordeal in the wilds of North Burma, going 22 days without seeing a human being, and losing 55 of his normal 165 pounds.

Helicopters were used in CBI for rescue work in otherwise inaccessible spots, first outfit to have them being the First Air Commando Group. A year and a half later, when there were no helicopters in the theater, a helicopter was brought to CBI from the United States in four days to effect the rescue of a bomber crew that was inaccessible even to a parachutist.

A crew at Wright Field, Ohio, dismantled a helicopter by working all night, loaded it on a C-54, and Capt. Frank W. Peterson, a test pilot, accompanied the engineering crew to Burma. The plane was at Myitkyina, Burma, in four days, where it was found the bomber crew had been taken from its perch atop a high ridge by a ground unit. It was decided to assemble the helicopter anyway, in case of another emergency. It was a good decision. The emergency came that night. Lt. Leo J. Kenney, commanding officer of the jungle rescue unit, got the message that a member of a weather station crew had shot himself high on a 4,700-foot mountain in the Naga Hills. Because of towering cliffs, parachute jumping was dangerous in the vicinity, and it would take 10 days for a ground rescue party to reach the scene.

Since the helicopter was not equipped with radio, and Peterson and Lt. Irwin C. Steiner, the other pilot, would be flying over unfamiliar territory, the rescue ship was escorted by two L-5s, piloted by Technical Sgt. William H. Thomas and Staff Sgt. Gibson L. Jones. Four times the helicopter became separated from its guide planes, a low ceiling having enveloped the mountain country. The helicopter once ran out of gas and had to land on a sand bar in the Chindwin River, where fuel was airdropped by the L-5s. Up in the air once more, the ship landed at the crude airdrop field, near the weather station, just before running out of gas again. Near the field, the sharp sides of the mountain fell off steeply to

narrow valleys 2,500 feet below. After oil and gas were dropped, Pvt. Howard Ross, the wounded ground observer, was flown to a hospital, nine days after the helicopter left the States.

Crews of the big Superfortresses were rescued after crashes, both in the jungle and at sea.

When the monsoon was moving into high gear in 1944, the 14-man crew of a B-29 bailed out high in the turbulent sky over North Burma and watched their ship plummet through the gray cloud floor to an unknown fate. At noon of that drenching day in the tea gardens of Assam, Col. William S. Pocock, Jr., Burma Peacocks commander, got the word that a C-54 was down in the jungle. He and his intelligence officer, Maj. Henry S. Bray, started out in the outfit's PT-17. After a long cruise, they spotted what appeared to be a scattered campfire along a river bank. These isolated fires turned out to be the remains of a large airplane. Pocock eased the little primary trainer into a jungle glade within walking distance of the fires.

There was not a sign of life or death at the still hot, widely-dispersed wreckage. Then a flying form sheet was found — and the officers knew they had found a B-29, at that time a "mystery ship" of the Air Forces. A B-25 buzzed the scene. Ground signals informed the pilot of the condition of the wreck and the B-25 dropped a note revealing that a parachute had been seen a mile southeast in the jungle. Some minutes after other rescuers arrived that day, Lt. John W. Sims, shaken and dazed, arrived on the scene. He told Pocock and Bray that all 14 members of the crew had jumped. Pocock loaded him in the PT-17 and took him to a hospital, and when he arrived back at the scene, word had come that jungle natives had reported other parachutists in the vicinity. Sims had indicated that members of the crew probably were hiding in the jungle, since they did not know whether they were in head-hunter country or behind enemy lines. As the B-29 was caught in the core of a fierce storm, geography had been blotted out and the pilot had not been certain as to his location.

During the night, the searchers picked up another officer, and his arrival confirmed the supposition that the men were hesitant about showing themselves to the natives, as they were new in CBI. The new survivor was Lt. Richard M. Smith, who told of hearing strange shots in the night, all of which added to the psychological confusion of both searchers and hiders. Pocock decided that the hiders

in the jungle must be given a reassuring message. He had the following message painted in block letters on the bottom of the lower wing of the PT-17: "SIMS AND SMITH SAFE. GO WITH FRIENDLY NATIVES."

A circling flight was made over the area at tree-top level and low speed. On the recurring sweeps, parachute canopies began to appear in the jungle. By the time food, clothing and water had been dropped at the canopies, darkness had fallen.

Next day the worst kind of weather prevailed. Flying, nevertheless, was performed, but results could not be so readily ascertained. However, singly and in groups, the lost men and searchers joined forces. By the end of the day, all but one of the crew had been found. Lts. Robert Hardin and Ken N. Bloes, Flight Officer R. M. Roberts, Staff Sgt. F. B. Lewis, Sgts. J. L. Pipkin, R. L. Hollingworth, R. L. Simmons, R. T. Shea, William J. McCarthy, E. G. Dunlevy, and Cpl. A. J. Maceyra were flown to a hospital. The one B-29 man not accounted for was a second lieutenant. He was later found dead, apparently drowned while trying to cross a jungle river. Rescuers in boats and on elephants came upon a native who led them to the tragedy. The officer had died with his boots on, attempting to fight through to safety.

One B-29 crew could not have walked out; its members would have had to swim out, had it not been for the lucky presence of an Army fishing boat. The crew became the only catch of three Army fishermen in Bengal Bay, Lt. Col. M. C. Coop of Abilene, Texas; Cpl. Gerald J. Witte of Omaha, Nebraska; and Technical Sgt. William F. Lott of Halls, Tennessee. The Army boat was only 200 yards away when the Superfort crashed, a fortunate coincidence, because 10 minutes later it would have been up a waterway in the Sunderbans, completely hidden by the thick jungle.

"I couldn't believe it when I heard someone call to me to come aboard, and especially an Army boat," said Lt. Robert E. Mumma of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Capt. Harold Ebbeler of San Antonio, Texas; Lt. James E. Mills of Waterloo, New York; Lt. James R. Lyons of San Antonio, Texas; Lt. William S. O'Sullivan of Narbeth, Pennsylvania; Lt. Leonard T. Olszewski of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania; Sgt. Rudolph E. Sagan of Detroit, Michigan; and Cpl. George A. Snapp, Jr. of Detroit, Michigan, were just as surprised.

Lt. Col. Edward J. Potter of Austin, Texas, was one man who flew out. He

almost landed his Superfort at a Jap fighter base in China, but lucky for him and his crew, he passed the concrete runway up for a Chinese cornfield. Potter and his ship had been over Nagasaki, Japan, on August 10, 1944, and when his gasoline ran low, he set the huge ship down in a field, where the wheels sank out of sight in the soft dirt. Jap fighters soon spotted the grounded bomber and strafed it several times before American fighters arrived and drove them off. Potter, uncertain as to whether he was in Jap territory or not, expected to see a Jap ground patrol any minute. Relief soon came when a Chinese approached and led him to a telephone line, where he reported his plight to headquarters. After posting a guard on the plane, the Americans were led to a house in nearby hills where they were well fed and offered clean, comfortable beds.

"You are the first Americans who have ever been here," the pleased Chinese host told them. Then he quickly corrected himself. "Except Wendell Willkie."

Potter was awakened from sleep sometime later and summoned to the airplane. To his surprise he found two Chinese major generals, the president of a railway, Chinese troops, railroad ties and jacks, and several thousand coolies. Despite Potter's doubts as to their success, they were engaged in trying to get the bomber out. Potter asked one of the Chinese generals if any guards were posted.

He was staggered by the answer.

"Five hundred," was the reply, "and a thousand farther out."

The Chinese not only got the bomber out, but they also built an emergency runway, and the Superfort, considerably lightened, was flown out.

Among parachute jumpers, Sgt. John Stevens of Woodstown, New Jersey, had one of the most narrow escapes in the air under strange circumstances. Pvt. W. E. Chilton first told the story of Sergeant Stevens, a crew chief with the Second Troop Carrier Squadron. In July 1945, Stevens was heading in a C-46 toward the foothills of The Hump southeast of Chabua, when engine trouble developed at 7,000 feet. The radio operator tore past Stevens, grabbed a parachute and opened half the cargo door. Making his way to the cockpit to offer service to the pilot, Stevens found there was nothing to be done.

The pilot was yelling at the top of his lungs, "Bail out! Bail out!"

Stevens retraced his steps to the rear of the plane and pulled a parachute from its rack. By this time the plane was being buffeted about so that he was unable to

From Wings to Shoes

stay on his feet.

Stretched full length on the floor of the heaving aircraft, the sergeant attempted to wriggle into the chute. This proved futile. In utter despair he hooked his arm through one of the loops which emanate from the chute and pondered vaguely the next step in his nightmare of reality. He did not have long to wait. One instant he was recumbent along the floor, then on the roof, then falling again in the ship. It took a while to realize that the only possible means of succor was hooked in the crook of his arm. He found the door and jumped. Twisting and turning through the air, he groped for the rip cord release, found it, yanked, then miraculously, the parachute slowly, slowly unraveled. The slowness of the blossoming chute was yet another marvel, for if the big nylon blanket had blossomed forth in one grand jerk, as generally was the procedure, no doubt his arm would have been torn from its socket.

It was impossible to control his descent in any way, as he helplessly watched blood stream from a wide gash in his leg. How he got the cut the sergeant never knew. As the ground rushed nearer, Stevens saw skyscraper trees and intertwining vines, but he finally landed, caught up two feet from the ground. A simple turn and he was safe.

Stevens made his way toward a slight knoll, stumbling and crawling. He had gone but half way when the babel of a strange language reached his ears. The natives proved to be friendly, carried Stevens to their village on a litter they made, and fed him on boiled rice, eggs, cracked corn, chicken, and large, thin pancakes.

During Stevens' 19 days with the Naga villagers, the local witch doctor showed a great desire to practice his wizardry on the sergeant's injured leg, and Stevens had to use all his diplomacy to dissuade the Naga healer and at the same time retain his friendship. Diplomacy was again in order when the chieftain brought a pipe to his bedside. One puff convinced the sergeant that the pipe contained opium, so he hastily put it aside, feigning illness. Stevens, however, did not decline to quaff a little rice liquor now and then.

Skilled as were the Nagas in the ways of the jungle, a runner took two weeks to get a search and rescue unit to Stevens. Pvt. First Class Joseph Fruge of Aberlin, Louisiana, and Pvt. First Class Marvin C. Roberts of Mobile, Alabama, parachuted in in the conventional manner. A tiny landing strip for an L-5 was built in a nearby rice field, and 19 days after Stevens made his unorthodox drop into the jungle, two of the small planes piloted

by Capt. Jacob F. Craft of Galesburg, Illinois, and Lt. Harold L. Haviland of Glendale, California, arrived, picked him up and took him to upper Assam, where he wound up in a hospital.

The Naga hillsmen, by whose friendliness and loyalty the life of another American had been saved, were awarded for their efforts. Two hundred pounds of rice were dropped to the villagers, and Stevens' squadron contributed another hundred pounds of rice and a hundred pounds of salt.

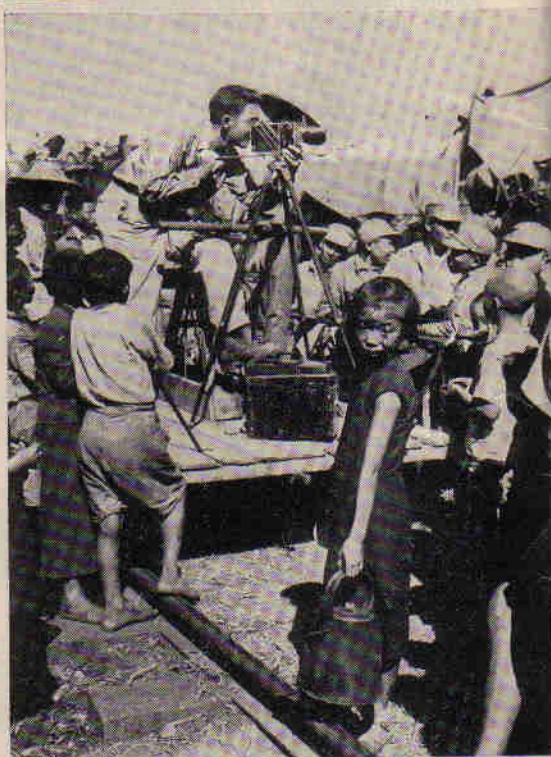
— THE END.

don't forget!

6th annual reunion

place - milwaukee

date - august 13-14-15-16



Pvt. SEYMOUR ISRAEL, Signal Corps cameraman, is taking pictures of evacuees jamming into crowded trains taking them west, away from oncoming Japanese. Photo at Liuchow, China, Oct. 4, 1944 by U.S. Army.

Ondal APO

● Very happy to hear about the magazine going monthly. Perhaps we can get more unit histories now — they are always very interesting. Am enjoying very much "China APO" as well as all the pictures. Am wondering if you have any subscribers from the 305th Air Service Group. I was in the APO attached to it at Ondal and we serviced the 1st Air Commando Group, 7th Bomb. Group, 47th Air Depot Group, 28th Air Mapping Group and the 30th Station Hospital. . . . All we CBI-ers should be proud of our magazine and our growing post-war organization.

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.



CHINESE COOLIES work on reconstruction of the Burma Road under supervision of American engineers. Photo taken on China side, June 1944 by U.S. Army.

653rd Engineers

● Tickled pink to know you will be a monthly. Two months was a helluva long time to wait between issues. . . . Was with the 653rd Engineers in Dehra Dun and with Hq., SOS, Kunming China Reproduction Section. Went over on the Mount Vernon in March 1944, and back on the SS Marine Robin in November 1945.

E. H. GABAREE,
Waterbury, Conn.

1954 Reunion Date Set

● The 7th Annual Reunion of CBIVA will be held in Washington, D.C. Aug. 5 to 8. Chairman of the 1954 Reunion Committee is Felix A. Russell, 507 Colorado Bldg., Wash. 5, D.C., to whom inquiries may be directed. Hotel Willard will serve as headquarters for the Reunion.

JOHN T. DUEVER, Jr.,
Stilwell Basha Comdr.,
Washington, D.C.

Sadiya Flood

● A newspaper story, dated May 26, 1953, says: "The historic town of Sadiya, in Assam, once the strong point in a chain of British outposts, is threatened with obliteration by flood. The population of 4,000 is being moved to safety before the rushing waters of the Dibang River engulf the town."

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N. Y.

Civilized Country?

● Served with the 706th AA Airborne Battery in good old Chabua from July 26, 1942 to January 1944 when I was transferred to Hq., 10th Air Force in good old Calcutta (civilized country).

PRIMO A. OCHOA,
Rank: Pani-Wallah
El Paso, Texas

New China Film

● . . . Columbia pictures plans a new film which centers in Formosa and the Nationalists. Mr. Anson Bond, writer and producer, is in constant touch with Chiang kai-Shek. The "shooting" will be in Formosa.

L. D. WILER,
Hollywood, Calif.

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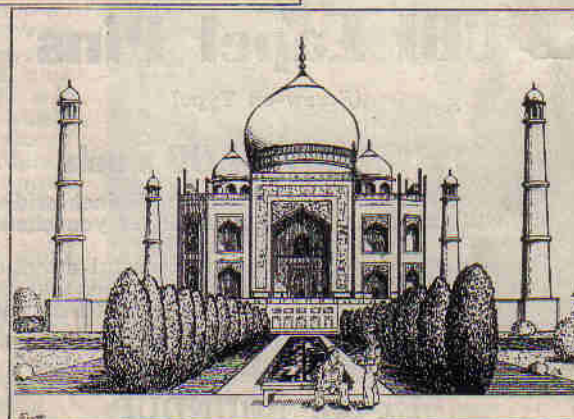
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THE ABOVE three sketches are: Kunming Gate, Kunming, China; Pagodas at Namhkam, Burma; and The Taj Mahal at Agra, India.